

S 635  
Z9 052  
copy 1

THE  
IRISH EMIGRANT;

*An Irish-American Drama*

**In Five Acts**

✓  
BY

MARY A. O'LOUGHLIN.

---

COPYRIGHTED 1884.

---

CHICAGO:

THOMAS H. BUSH, PRINTER, CORNER POLK & CANAL STREETS.

1884.



# THE IRISH EMIGRANT;

*An Irish-American Drama*

**In Five Acts**

BY

MARY A. O'LOUGHLIN.

COPYRIGHTED 1884.



CHICAGO:

THOMAS H. BUSH, PRINTER, CORNER POLK & CANAL STREETS.

1884.

75635  
.Z9 O52

## CHARACTERS.

---

Nine gentlemen and six ladies are represented in this play as follows:

*James Carroll*, the Hero.

*John Scanlan*, a Companion.

*Andy Quirk*, “

*Mary Curran*, Carroll's Sweetheart.

*J. P. Curran*, Mary's Father.

*Father McGee*, Parish Priest.

*Widow Rieley*, Carroll's Aunt, and only remaining relative in Ireland.

*Widow Conners*, whom Carroll saved from eviction.

*Mr. & Mrs. Ryan*, Neighbors.

*Mr. & Mrs. Morne*, “

*Turner & Irwin*, Agents.

*Ann O'Neil*, J. P. Curran's cousin and housekeeper.

---

## COSTUMES.

---

Carroll, Scanlan and Quirk, and also Mr. Curran, the attire of well-to-do farmers.

Father McGee, the walking suit of a clergyman.

Mary Curran, a red skirt and green polonaise with gold trimmings, for the first suit; a mourning suit for the second.

The remaining characters attired to suit their stations.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

---

ACT I. Conversation between Carroll and Scanlan in relation to saving the Widow Connors from being ejected. Sudden appearance of Andy Quirk, who joins in the conversation. Mary Curran's name mentioned, Carroll makes manifest his love and admiration of her to his companions.

ACT II. Meeting of James Carroll and his sweetheart at the stile. Her disappointment at not seeing him the night previous. He explains to her the cause of his absence; also, determined to remove the only obstacle to their union, her father's consent. Mr. Curran refuses, but through Mary's intercession yields. The young people jubilant. Ann O'Neil relates her love disappointment.

ACT III. Mary and Ann O'Neil at the death bed of her babe. Mary's grief multiplied, as it is the anniversary of her father's death. Ann O'Neil berates James for being absent so long at the land league meeting. James assassinated by Turner and Irwin on his way home. Picked up bleeding and in an insensible condition. Mary receives the shock with fatal consequence. Sudden death of Mary and the babe.

ACT IV. James heart broken after the funeral upon returning to his sad and lonely home. His grief beyond description. Aunt Kittie's sympathy. He talks about his troubles and attempted assassination. His determination to go to the United States and petition the government to assist him in bringing Turner and Irwin to justice.

ACT V. Meeting his companions at the stile. Discussing his future plans and departure. Valedictory songs by Scanlan and Quirk. James, after much persuasion, sings the lament of the Irish Emigrant, reserving the last verse to repeat at the grave of Mary and the babe. The day of departure the neighbors call to bid James good bye and send messages to their friends in the United States. Father McGee calls and gives his blessing and advice. James visits the graveyard. His farewell to his native soil, and fervent prayers in her behalf. Curtain falls, and when raised James appears with the stars and stripes and the green flag, and sings the "Irish Brigade."

## ACT I.

SCANLAN. (*Shaking hands with James, who is standing on the roadside*). Bravo, my boy! Long may you live for your bravery last night in preventing the Widow Conners' eviction, and if all the prayers and good wishes she has offered to the Lord of heaven for you are granted, surely your hopes will be realized.

JAMES. (*Speaks earnestly*). I only performed an act of charity as I was on my way going to see Mary; and as it was growing dark I thought I would take the short cut that leads by the Widow Conners' cabin. Upon nearing the house I heard the cries and supplications of the poor widow and her seven orphans to that demon Turner and his assistant Irwin, begging of them to let her stay until her little girl was well of the fever. With closed fists and clenched teeth I listened to the heart-rending cries and supplications of that poor widow and orphans. Surely the sight would touch the heart of a savage not to speak of that of an Irishman.

SCANLAN. Well Jimmie, what did you say to them?

JAMES. I said or did nothing to them until I saw them going to drive away her cow, the only dependence she had to support her little family. Turner said if he allowed her to stay she would have to give him the cow as a recompense for his goodness; but I gave him and his assistant an introduction to my black thorn walking cane and they went away in a very different mood from that in which they came, and with a strict warning to bring a stretcher along the next time they came to eject the widow, or I would have to furnish one for them. Fearing that they might return again I remained until day-break and I want you and Andy to keep watch around there lest there should be foul play. (*Sudden appearance of* ANDY, *who hears the last words of JAMES' advice, and breaks*

*the silence by shouting*): Erin go bragh! and long live such a true son of hers as you James Carroll; and when Erin proclaims her independence we will elect you president, for the hearts you made joyous as well as the one you made sad last night.

JAMES. (*Looks at Andy anxiously, saying*). How so? Please explain.

ANDY. How green you think we are! Remember if our Island bears the name of the green isle, that is no sign her sons and daughters are green; and you never mind; the day is not far distant when we will be too ripe for some of them that call us green now.

JAMES. I hope so, but Andy, do tell me who is the owner of the sad heart you have just spoken of.

SCANLAN. Oh! the glad hearts were the widow and children, and the sad one was Mary Curran's. He builds his foundation from having seen her standing at the stile! and we heard her say, "I wonder why he does not come? I fear that something has happened." And it is the report all over the parish that you and her are going to be married, but that her father is death on you. And now you need not deny it, or be ashamed to tell us, as you may well be proud of her. Come, now, tell us when the wedding day will be, so that we can have our boots polished.

JAMES. I am not ashamed, nor will I deny my love for Mary Curran. On the contrary I am proud to say that I have the promise of her heart and hand, and that I think she is one of the fairest and the most patriotic daughters that Erin has ever raised.

ANDY. But what about the ould man? He swears that he will never have you for a Son-in-law, as you are too much of a partisan to suit him—that he has seen too much of this foolish patriotism.

JAMES (*indignantly*). I care naught for what he says or thinks. I respect him as the father of my affianced bride; otherwise, I place his name upon the list of the stay-at-home Irishmen who fight with their heels in the ashes and let John Bull drive over our roads and through Erin's gates free of toll.

ANDY. Upon my honor, James, I think if you were keeper you would make him pay his toll.



JAMES. You are right ; and when I am he *will* pay both ways. And now I must be going. I will meet you both in Holly Grove to-morrow night, and tell you whether I have been accepted or rejected. Good day, and keep a close watch around the Widow Conners' cabin as those demons said that they would get even with me ; and we are well aware that they are like the thieves at night—come when least expected.

SCANLAN and QUIRK. Good bye, and God speed you. There is no fear but you will soften the ould man's heart.

JAMES. I hope so, and it will not be my fault if I do not. (*James walks away humming the words of "Irish Mollie, O."*)



## ACT II.

(*James meets Mary at the stile and lovingly embraces her.*)

MARY. Oh, Jimmie, I am so delighted to see you here, as I have been in a perfect dilemma ever since seven o'clock last evening at not meeting you here at the appointed time, and fearing that something terrible had happened, as you are so valorous, and I have neither slept nor eaten scarcely anything since, and did not dare tell my fears to anybody, as my father says you are too much absorbed in foolish patriotism that will end in a bubble of disappointment as hundreds have ended before. But Jimmie, do tell me what delayed you from coming at the appointed time, as I have always admired the trait of punctuality in your character.

JAMES (*Takes hold of her hand.*) My dear Mary, I am very sorry that I have been the means of causing you the slightest uneasiness, for heaven knows that I did not intend it, and if my society was a loss to you last night it was a gain to the Widow Connors.

MARY. How so, Jimmie, tell me?

JAMES. Well, I will tell you. I was on my way to meet you, and when I was nearing the little cabin I heard the most pitiful cries that could be uttered by a human being. I soon heard the poor woman's voice begging of that demon Turner not to eject her until her little girl was well of the fever—that dreadful scourge which at times rages o'er our dear island. He consented on condition she gave him her cow. The poor woman breathed a deep and sorrowful sigh and would have given the bloodhounds the only means of support that she possessed for the privilege of remaining in her own home.

MARY. Oh, how sad the misery and wretchedness that exists in our beautiful isle. I hope we will one day see the flag of liberty wave o'er our country; but Jimmie, I interrupted you; did Turner take the cow?

JAMES. No, Mary, he did not; for just as he was going to take the cow I gave him and Irwin an introduction to a friend of mine and one that always assists me in the time of need, and they did not delay long after the introduction.

MARY. Oh, how fortunate that your friend came to your rescue. Please tell me who it was. You must give me an introduction to him as I do not think that I ever met him.

JAMES. No, Mary, you never did. I will introduce you, but the introduction will be in a different form from the way I introduced Turner and Irwin. Here is my faithful friend—my black thorn walking cane.

MARY. Oh, Jimmie! I thought it was a living friend.

JAMES. It answered the purpose as well and perhaps better than a living one at the time; at least I think they thought so at the time. That is the reason I did not keep my promise, and I think that I am going to make it up by my early appearance this afternoon; and also let me inform you, my dear Mary, that I am determined to overthrow the only obstacle that prevents our union, your father's consent. I can not see what great fault he can find with me. Aunt Kittie says if she was talking to him she would tell him that one blessing we can boast of is that the pages of our ancestral history are without blots; and that he has forgotten when he was young himself and how much opposed your grandfather Fitzgerald was at the time he asked his consent to marry your mother, and how he was so sternly refused. But your mother loved him, and through her intercession he yielded and gave his consent.

MARY. Oh, Jimmie, that will be a solid foundation for me to build upon. The only objection he has is that you are too much of a partisan. He says you are a Fenian and an Invincible, and that you are secretary of the Land League; and that such men are always away from home, and—(*James interrupts*). And did he say that I was a fortune hunter or an informer?—MARY (*continuing*). Oh, no, Jimmie! he could not say that, as he is well aware that the Carrolls all were true to God and country, and he also knows that you can live independently upon your forefathers' land. But come, Jimmie, let us go in and "face the music"—and bear in mind that I will break the ice; and remember, too,

dear Jimmie, that no matter how dark the clouds may appear before you, that I will dispel them. (*Mary and James enter the house unobserved by Mr. Curran, who is reading*).

MARY. Are you all alone, father?

MR. CURRAN. Yes, I am alone, but I see you are not.

MARY. No, sir; I met Mr. Carroll at the stile, and invited him to come into the house.

JAMES. How do you do, Mr. Curran?

MR. C. Oh, very well, Mr. Carroll, how are you?

JAMES. We are having beautiful weather at present.

MR. C. We are indeed, and I am glad of it. (*Turns to Mary, who has taken up the paper he was reading*). Mary, do not lose my place, as I am, or was, reading an interesting piece.

MARY. What was it, father, a love story?

MR. C. No, my child; I will leave the love stories for you.

MARY. I must go and see what Ann is going to have good for supper, and will leave you and Mr. Carroll to talk love. (*Goes out, leaves the door ajar, and eavesdrops*).

MR. C. Such nonsense as that girl talks!

JAMES. Well, Mr. Curran, since Mary has broken the ice, I will tell you it is no nonsense, and that my presence here at this time is for the purpose of having an interview with you, and to ask your consent to our union.

MR. C. (*Amazed*) Bless me! I am taken by surprise, as I did not dream that such an affection existed between you and my daughter. She knows how much I am opposed to foolishly patriotic men whose ideas are like soap bubbles—burst before arriving at maturity. I presume you read or have heard of Emmet's foolish adventure?

JAMES. (*Places his hand to his lips and paces the floor*). Oh, breathe not his name! Let him rest in the shade, where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid; but heaven grant that I may live to see them honored.

MR. C. There it is again! Just as though such foolish ideas would ever be realized. Oh, no; my daughter, the apple of my eye and the image of her dear departed mother, my cherished wife, whose vacant chair remains veiled in heavy drapery and shall never be occupied while I live, neither shall my daughter have to say that she had a stepmother; and do

you not know that I am a grand nephew of John P. Curran and bear his name, and now tremble lest my daughter's affection for you, bitter partisan that you are, may prove as fatal as Mary Curran's love for Emmet?

JAMES. (*Independently.*) And allow me to tell you, if you do not know it, that I am a descendant of that never-to-be-forgotten Irish patriot, Robert Emmet.

MR. C. You a descendant of Robert Emmet? I was not aware of it. Please inform me of the relationship.

JAMES. I am not a descendant by the tie of relationship, but a descendant in spirit. Robert Emmet desired to gain for his country what Washington gained for the United States of America. I wish to do the same, and if our Heavenly Father spares me my health, I will.

MR. C. Such castles of patriotism! When it is too late, you will find that they were built in the air. I was just as full of patriotic whims as you now are, but erased them all from my memory when I thought of entering the matrimonial state; and if you loved my daughter as I did her dear mother you would do the same.

JAMES. Allow me to say to you, Mr. Curran, that you could not enlist in our ranks.

MR. C. Why not?

JAMES. Because we enlist only the genuine patriots who keep the lamps of true patriotism burning until death and death alone quenches them. You say if I love as you loved that I will do as you have done. Allow me, sir, to tell you that man never cherished a more ardent or purer love for one of the feminine sex than I do for your dear daughter. God in heaven, who sees and reads the inmost recesses of the heart, knows that I would drain the last drop of its contents to save her from harm, were it necessary. Nevertheless, although possessing this ardent love for her, I will never sacrifice the hopes of my dear country upon the altar of affection!

MR. C. That settles it. Suffice it to say, Mr. Carroll, that it is useless for us to prolong this interview. I should be very much pleased to have my dear daughter unite with a member of the Carroll family only that you are a radical partisan, as were all your ancestors, and so will be your descendants, and now let this be final—I shall never consent to my

daughter marrying one of the Carrolls if she never gets a husband.

MARY. (*Rushes in and imprints a kiss upon her father's cheek*). Oh, my dear father! Surely you will not separate two fond hearts so united and devoted to each other—an affection not formed in a day nor a year, but since the days of childhood when we roamed the fields together and Jimmie gathered me bouquets of daisies and showed me the magpies' nests. Dear father, you should be proud of your daughter's choice, for while he may have many an equal, he has not a superior in the Emerald Isle. My heart beats with joy when I see him, and my mind is filled with brilliant hopes for the future; and were I now to be deprived of his society my life would become as inanimate as would the shamrock's, were it to be removed from the green isle to the sandy desert.

MR. C. I was under the impression that you loved your father better than any one else, but I see I was sadly mistaken.

MARY. Oh, Father! Have I not always tried to practice the Fourth Commandment in loving, honoring and obeying you?

MR. C. And what are you doing now, honoring and obeying me? No! but dishonoring and disobeying me to the fullest extent of disobedience.

MARY. Oh, Father! Have I not always heard you say that marriage is the most important step that young people take in life, and that you believe young people ought to suit themselves; and have you forgotten that you were once young yourself?

MR. C. (*Sarcastically.*) Do not ask such foolish questions, Mary. I see you have not the love for your father that I thought you had.

MARY. (*Mournfully.*) Oh, my dear father, it grieves me to hear you say so. Did you not often tell me when I sat upon your knee that I was just like my dear mother, and loved you just as she loved you, and did you not love her?

MR. C. (*Impatiently.*) Love her? If I had not loved her you would have had a step-mother long ago.

MARY. And did she not love you?

MR. C. Yes, your dear mother loved me with an undying love.

MARY. Then it is not a wonder that I resemble her so much, as that is just the way that I love Jimmie.

MR. CURRAN (*Taking her by the hand*): Oh, woman! thy tongue hath conquered where the sword hath failed. (*And arising from his chair leads her to where James is sitting. James arises from his seat.*) Here, Mr. Carroll, take her; my blessing I bestow on you both, and remember, take as good care of her for the next twenty years to come as I have done for the past, and now name the date of the wedding day and I will make arrangements for the wedding. (*Exit Mr. Curran*).

MARY. Did I not dispel the dark clouds in a short time?

JAMES. Yes, my dear Mary, and I trust that our future lifetime will be blest with sunshine, and should dark clouds arise may they as speedily vanish. (*And placing his arm around her waist they sing alternately the following lines joyously:*

JAMES. Oh how happy we shall be

MARY. When dear old Ireland is free.

J. And the lads and lassies without dread

M. And the green waving above the red.

ENTER Ann O'Neil, singing the following lines to the air,  
*"Girl I Left Behind Me."*

Young men's flattering tongues beware and do not mind them

For they will be talking until they die, and then they leave you behind them.

MARY. Oh, is this you, Ann? Let me introduce you to Mr. Carroll.

ANN. How do you do Mr. Carroll? And indeed I respect you highly on account of your mother, heaven be her home. She was a companion of mine and we were often at fairs and parties together, but your father was always mixed up with party men, and that is the reason I came in to take a good luck at you to see if you tuck after your father or mother. I see you are the dead picture of your father, but I hope you will not give this girl as many heart aches as your father did your poor mother with *his* party business.

JAMES. Miss O'Neil, I will do all in my power to make her lifetime happy, and Mary is also aware that I will stand in

readiness at all times to answer my country's call, otherwise I will endeavor to promote her happiness.

MARY (*to Ann*). I should think Mr. Carroll must have been very good looking—handsome I should call him—if his son took after him in looks.

ANN. He would be a great deal purtier if he tuck afther his mother. Nellie O'Rourke and Kittie O'Rourke, that's his Aunt Kittie, and Ann O'Neil, that's meself, we were the purtiest girls in the parish, and indeed it was not every one that we compared ourselves to, as we came of the rale ould stock.

JAMES. It surprises me that you remained single, Miss O'Neil, as I should judge from your present appearance that you must have been very good looking in your younger days.

ANN. "There is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," as the old saying is, and let you and Mary take care, as I was as near being married as you and her are, and was disappointed.

MARY. Oh, Ann! Do tell us about your love disappointment.

ANN (*sighing*). I tould you that I was one of the purtiest girls in the parish, and had a great many lovers, but there was none among them that I loved as well as the one that proved the greatest deceiver, and left me to live the life of an ould maid; for afther him I will never believe any man, no mather who he is, until afther the knot is tied, for, Misther Carroll, if you were to hear that fellow talking to me you would think that buther would not melt in his mouth. Oh, the deceiver! When I think of him and all the fine fellows that I cast aside for him, it grieves me to the heart; and to make a long story short I heard that he was going to be married to a Miss somebody—I will not mention her name, as she was too good for him, I think, but indeed she did not think so, as she was glad to catch him, and afther they were married they went to Australa and I hear that they are rich there while I am a poor ould maid in the corner here. (*Wipes the tears from her eyes*). Never you mind! Not that I wish him any harm, but I hope he will get a thrip yet for his good deeds—but I am forgetting meself, as I have the worst of my story to finish. The mornin of their wedding I got up with a sore heart, but did not let on that I cared a bit, and dhressed meself and put on



my white apron and stood in the dure watin for the weddin to pass by to make out that I did not care (and me heart braking). I soon heard the fiddle (as it was customary them days for the groom to hire a fiddler to play as the weddin party marched to the church) and just as they were passing my father's dure the deceiver looked right at me and to brak me heart out and out he says to the fiddler, "play up the Girl I Left Behind me," (*and as the curtain rolls down Ann dances to the music of the Girl I left Behind Me.*)



## ACT III.

TWO YEARS AFTER THE DATE OF ACT I.

*Mary and Ann sitting by the cradle of the dying babe.*

MARY. (*In a supplicating voice*). Oh, dear babe, do not die until your dear papa's return, for he has indulged in such fond hopes for your future, and has so often said that if he did not live to see his country freed that he would rear a son who would, but I fear his hopes of his dear son will be blasted. (*Here Mary stoops and kisses the babe and dries the falling tears*).

ANN. I think you are going past yourself, intirely, for don't you know it is wicked for you to be crying for that child who is only six months old? It would be a blessing if the Lord would take him, or any party-man's son, before he grew up to cause any woman the grief his father has caused you, but which you will admit.

MARY. (*Indignantly*.) I must say that you are very sympathetic, and Ann O'Neil, if you were not my father's cousin and my foster-mother, I would order you to leave my house for thus impeaching my noble and honorable husband. You must understand that I am his wife and the mother of his child, and what tie is riveted with more affection around the heart of man than his wife and children?

ANN. Och, that's just the way with the women! If their their husbands bate them one minit they will be ready to bate any one that wud say a word agin 'em a minit afther!

MARY. Just what any true wife should do, and it it is good enough for any one that interferes between man and wife, for has not the Lord said, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder"?

ANN. Well, He said nothin' 'bout wimen putting asundther; but I will thry and hould me tongue afther this. I was only sorry to see you cryin' and him away to the lague meet-

ing and this child so sick, bad scramps to the land lague and its meetings.

MARY. A wife sheds many tears that her husband does not see, and for which he is not to blame. Jimmie is not to blame for the tears I shed to-night as I sit by the cradle of my dying babe. They are the tears of affection shed by a mother who is waiting and watching for the last ray of hope to shine upon him; and were all the wealth in Great Britain laid at our feet it would be a mere atom in comparison to the life of this precious boy. But if God is p'leased to take him I will bow in submission to His holy will; and Ann, do you not know, this is the anniversary of my father's death, which alone would naturally bring tears to the eyes of any child that had the least spark of affection in her. But alas! it is destined that children cannot realize the depth of parental love until they become parents themselves, which is oftentimes too late. I can now see and realize the depth of a mother's love as I sit here and look upon my little darling.

ANN. You will not have him very long to look at, for he will soon be with the angels.

MARY. (*Stoops over the cradle and kisses the babe*). Oh, Ann, how he is changing. I fear that Jimmie will be left alone soon, as I, too, am failing fast. I fear that I am a victim of quick consumption—you know my mother died of it when I was only three months old—and what grieves me most is the thought that poor Jimmie will not have any one to confide in or to sympathize with him.

ANN. (*Impatiently*.) Divil a fear o' him! He'll take care of himself; but I'm afeerd this child will die before he comes back.

MARY. Oh, I hope not, but I am beginning to be alarmed at his long delay, as he said he would hurry home as soon as possible. I hope nothing will happen to him on his way. Turner and Irwin are about to leave for the United States, and they have threatened to be revenged upon him for interfering with them the night they were going to eject the Widow Connors, but I hope he will escape unharmed. As the babe seems to be resting quietly I will lie down upon this couch; and you sit here in the arm chair near the cradle and if the babe awakes arouse me immediately. (*Mary's slumbers dis-*

turbed by visions of foul play. Turner and Irwin lay plans to assassinate James as he comes home from the meeting).

TURNER. Now Irwin, we must do him up to-night if possible, and to-morrow we will be miles away. The government will help us away and never spend one moment looking for us. If we can only lay *him* out, the rest will be easily subdued, as he is their leader and they must be kept down or they will soon have the whole island to themselves, and the landlords would have to go begging.

IRWIN. I will do my best, but listen! Here he comes! Do not speak above your breath, as the fellow is as quick as a cat

TURNER. Oh, indeed I am well aware of that. You stand on that side of the hedge and I will stand here. If I miss the blow you be sure not to fail, or we would never know what happened us. Hark! here he comes, and alone. Quick work! Let it be now or never!

(*James comes along, apparently in deep meditation, when Turner aims a heavy blow from behind the hedge and misses him. James springs in the direction from whence the blow came, but is felled by a blow from Irwin, and falls, bleeding and insensible, by the roadside. Turner and Irwin thinking they had finished him, make good their escape.*)

MARY. (*Starting up from her slumber.*) Oh! Ann! Has Jimmie not come yet, and how is the babe?

ANN. Indeed, he has not; as for the babe, if it lives until morning it will be the longest, as he is sinking so fast that his breath has nearly left him.

MARY. (*Looking pitifully upon the little sufferer.*) I will willingly give you up to the Lord; but if anything has happened to your papa, I will die too.

ANN. Didn't I say there's no fear o' him? You had better take care o' yourself.

MARY. Oh, Ann, I have had a presentiment, and I fear something terrible has happened my Jimmie, or he would be home before this hour. Just think! Ten minutes to four o'clock, and Jimmie not home! Oh, my darling, do come soon, or I shall die from this anxiety!

ANN. Whist! I think I hear the sound of footsteps.

MARY. There is more than one person coming. Quick, see what is the matter!

ANN. (*Opens the door and suddenly clasps her hands*). Lord bless us! They are bringing Jimmie home dead!

MARY. (*Screams*). My Jimmie dead! I will die with him! (*Falls back on the couch insensible*).



## ACT IV.

JAMES. Aunt Kittie, it is all over with now. I have heard the clods fall upon the coffin and have seen the last sod placed upon the grave of Mary and babe, and the impression made upon my heart while standing at that grave will never be erased while life exists, although I did not half realize it until I came back to this little cottage the seat of joy and happiness such a short time ago, and now desolation and sorrow are imprinted upon its walls inside, and around every foot of it outside. (*Here he indulges in the depth of his grief*). Dear Mary, never more shall you await my coming or imprint the affectionate kiss of welcome. Never more will you escort me to the stile and repeat the fervent prayer for my safe return. Oh, Aunt Kittie I hope that our Lord will give me patience and assist me in being reconciled with His holy will, for He has been pleased to fill the cup of sorrow to overflowing for me if ever it was filled for an Irishman, and there are three persons whom I blame for helping to fill it. One of them I will forgive, as her rashness was due to ignorance, but the others I will not let rest until I am avenged.

AUNT KITTIE. Tell me, Jimmie, who you refer to. I am at a loss to know why you talk thus as I thought you more of a christian than to censure human beings for what our Heavenly Father was pleased to inflict as he doeth all things for the best.

JAMES. Aunt Kittie, it is easier to preach than to practice. I am aware that our Lord was pleased to take our precious babe and also to afflict poor Mary with sickness, but she was hurried to the tomb. The blow that Turner and Irwin dealt so unaware upon me and then my being carried home in an insensible condition would of course bring any person to the horrible conclusion, from the appearance of my blood stained face and inanimate form, that I was dead; and indeed I need

not thank the cowardly demons, for if I had not have been picked up I should have died from loss of blood or been crushed by some passing vehicle. I regret that you were not with poor Mary at that time to break the news gently to her instead of the sudden announcement of Ann O'Neil, as she might have survived the shock. The Doctor told me that I must be careful of suddenly exciting her, as her nervous constitution was very weak, and by taking her to the sea shore she and the babe would soon regain their health and strength. At our last meeting I made arrangements for leave of absence, and intended to take them to the sea shore but they will not need any more of my care or attention, and I will now live here in hopes of meeting them on that blessed shore where there is no parting.

AUNT KITTIE. I am pleased to see that you are becoming reconciled with the will of God and that you will forgive those whom you accuse of helping to fill the cup of sorrow for you. I shall pray to heaven for reconciliation.

JAMES. Ann O'Neil I forgive, but never do I wish to see her again; but I will hunt Turner and Irwin as the hounds hunt the fox, and when I capture them I will show them the same mercy that the British government did poor O'Donnell.

AUNT KITTIE. I think that would be the height of folly, as they are now walking upon the shores of the United States, the land of the free, and you could never find them there.

JAMES. That is just the place that I could find them, as I would have one hundred friends where they would not have one, and I will inform my countrymen as soon as possible and they will soon assist me in bringing the demons to justice; for if they were allowed to go unpunished it would be an encouragement to others, and we have a great deal more than we can do to battle with them at noontime, not to speak of being assassinated in the dead of night. And now, Aunt Kittie, as soon as you can get my wardrobe ready I will go to the United States. I think the voyage across the ocean will do me good and help to keep me from indulging in sadness until my grief is subdued. I have long wanted to go and visit the land of the free and the home of the brave, and you know that I was quite a small boy—my mother's baby boy—when my two eldest and only brothers went to the United

States and were there only a short time until they enlisted in General Sheridan's army and both fell mortally wounded at the battle of Winchester and Father John, your son, will show me where their graves are, as he had them honorably buried and a tombstone placed at their graves. I scarcely remember their faces but their memories were daily imprinted upon my youthful mind as I listened to my dear mother's prayers for their welfare after they left home. I shall never forget the night that we received the news of their death.

AUNT KITTIE. O, James, do not repeat it. It is indelibly imprinted upon my heart, and it helped to shorten your poor mother's life. I am glad that she can not see the grief that you are visited with. You were the idol of her heart.

JAMES. Yes she would mourn as the true mother does, and one consolation I have is the thought that I never was the cause of one moment's anxiety to her through disobedience, and I often times think and feel as though her spirit was near me cheering me on in the path of duty—that narrow path that she so often told me leads to life everlasting. I see it is nearly seven, and I must attend this meeting, as they wish to frame resolutions for future plans and to send a copy by me to our brethren in the United States.

AUNT KITTIE. I will be very lonely while you are gone—like the last rose of summer left blooming alone—and who will act in your place during your absence.

JAMES. Scanlan and Quirk, who will call around to see that you have no extra work to do and also to see that Terry takes good care of the stock; and I almost forgot, you remember you said you would send a feather bed to Father John the first good chance you got. Now is your chance. I am sure he will appreciate it.

AUNT KITTIE. Very well, I will send the choicest; and now you better be going or you will be late.





## ACT V.

JAMES. (*Stops at the stile and soliloquizes*). I cannot go past this dear old spot without stopping; dear familiar old stile, so full of happy recollections of the past; yes, here at the bars of this dear old stile darling Mary often met me with laughing eyes and joyful heart, and 'twas here you gave me the first betrothal kiss after promising to be my bride, no matter what obstacles presented themselves; and here I am, all alone, and those laughing eyes I shall nevermore behold, and here will I often seek in vain to meet you as of old. Dear Mary, I will devote the days I have to spend on this mundane sphere in the service of God and my country, so that when these fetters that bind me here shall be loosened, I may meet you at Heaven's gate.

(*ENTER Scanlan and Quirk.*) SCANLAN. Jimmie, is this the promise you made to us a short time ago? You said you would pray to our Lord for patience and reconciliation, and all your friends remember you in their prayers.

QUIRK. Yes, Jimmie; and if you were to shed tears enough to fill up all the rivers and seas in the universe you could not bring her back. You are only injuring yourself, and do you not know that the parting here is only the stepping-stone to the happy meeting hereafter? So cheer up, dear comrade, and let us sing a parting song at this old stile where we have so often made the welkin ring.

JAMES. Oh, boys, I cannot sing; the memory of the past would drown my voice.

SCANLAN. Very well; Andy and I will sing, and then Jimmy you will, if its only one verse.

JAMES. I will see how I feel after you and Andy sing your songs.

(*Scanlan sings "I will Forgive you, Jimmie, if You will Come back Again."* *Quirk sings "Come Back to Erin"*).

SCANLAN. Now come, cheer up, Jimmie, and sing a song

for us; you whose voice always made us light-hearted. Yes, do! it will help to raise the weight from your heart.

JAMES. Oh, could that weight be removed so easily; however, I will do the best I can. I will sing a song that I have often sung before, but did not dream that the day would come when I would realize it. (*James sings "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," except the last verse*).

SCANLAN. There is another verse, the best of all; why do you not sing it?

JAMES. Because I wish to repeat it at dear Mary's grave. I must be going home now, as I have to call on Father McGee and get his blessing; and then the neighbors will be calling to send messages to their friends in the United States.

SCANLAN. Very well; be sure and take care of that copy of opinions and resolutions formed at the meeting last night, and as soon as possible after you arrive present them to the president of the league in the United States.

JAMES. I will do so, and I will expect you and Andy over in about an hour to visit the burying ground. So long, until we meet again. (*James enters his home, met by Aunt Kittie*).

AUNT K. Why, James, what kept you away so long? So many of the neighbors have called to see you, and here come Mr. and Mrs. Ryan.

JAMES. (*Speaks to them.*) How do you do?

MR. R. Och, not very well; and we are heart-sorry to see you going to leave us, for our parish will be like a vessel without a pilot when you're gone.

JAMES. I expect to be gone only a short time, and Scanlan and Quirk will stand at the helm while I'm away.

MRS. R. No matter who is at the head or fut, there is none loike yourself.

JAMES. I am pleased to know that my friends esteem me so highly.

MR. R. Indeed you have not an enemy but Turner and Irwin, an' you will overtake them yet; and as we heard you were going to thravel through the United States, we will throuble you to take a letther to Paddy.

JAMES. Certainly; where is he?

MRS. R. Wisha, a part called bamyalley, where the nay-

gurs an' the big 'gathurs are; an' tell Paddy not to go near their mouths, or they'll ate 'im!

MR. R. (*Angrily.*) Wisha! 'T is aisly known that you don't understand jografy.

MRS. R. Phat call has I for jografy? Shure, that's only fit for thravlers, an' I never expect to be thravling to 'Merica or Ostrela.

MR. R. James, plaze raverse that name; it's Alabama where the naygurs an' the alligathurs are.

JAMES. I know just where it is on the map.

MR. R. Av coorse you do. There's nothin' like larnin', is there Jimmy? Here is the letther, an' tell Paddy all the particulars in it.

JAMES. I will hand it to him if I see him, but I think it would be best to mail it to him as soon as I land.

MR. R. Do as you loike. Good bye, and good luck.

(*James shakes hands with them. Mrs. Ryan runs back and tells James to tell Paddy that Biddy McKeon sends love to him unbeknownst to me. ENTER Mr. & Mrs. Morne.*)

JAMES. How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Morne?

MR. M. Bad enuff; but if we had to walk on the side of our fut we would come and see you, brave fellow who always tuk such an interest in our welfare.

MRS. M. (*In a sing-song tone.*) Phat will we do at all widout ye? No one cud scare the divils loike ye!

JAMES. I will not be gone long, and when I return my friends will think more of me.

MR. M. Well, Jimmie, we wud loike to send a message to Mag if twill not throuble ye too much.

JAMES. I will be glad to deliver it if you give me her address.

MRS. M. Divil a dhress will I send her! She can get them chaper than I can.

MR. M. (*Gives her a push.*) Hould your whist! Jimmie manes phat part is she in.

MRS. M. Musha, now! I thaut he maned wud I send her a dhress.

MR. M. She is in a place called Filadelfy.

MRS. M. Filamedelfy that's the name; and tell her the Careys are going there soon, and the back of my hand to her

if she dares to look at Mickey Carey. I wants none of the informer breed in my family. Some one loike yourself would shute me for a son-in-law.

MR. M. (*Gives her another push out of his way.*)

MRS. M. Wisha! luck at the drive he guv me! Wonther but he dhrive me through the wall.

MR. M. No wonther; you displazed Mr. Carroll.

JAMES. She neither pleased or displeased me.

MRS. M. Sure, isint he a widow man, and won't he do loike all the rest—when one is gone get another?

*Mr. and Mrs. Morne say their farewells and request James to tell Mag what they want her to do.*)

JAMES. Good bye. I will convey the message if possible.

(*ENTER Mrs. Connors, the widow whom James saved from eviction.*) Well, Jimmie, seeing is believing, and I would not believe until I could come and see for myself. I trust that our divine Lord will grant you a safe and prosperous journey, and that you will succeed in bringing those villians to justice. Night and morning the widow and her seven orphans will offer prayers for your safe return. Here is a small token of our affection (*handing him a small prayer book*), and every time that your eyes rest upon it remember it is an emblem of the widow and orphans' blessing.

JAMES. Many thanks. I appreciate it more than if Queen Victoria had presented me the Koohinoor. (*She shakes hands saying "Good bye, and God send you safe home"*).

(*ENTER Father McGee*). How do you do, Mrs. Riely? Very well thank you, Father; only feeling lonesome at seeing James leaving home, if it is only for a short time; but these long journeys are full of danger, as man proposes but God disposes.

FATHER MCG. Very true, my child,

(*ENTER James.*) How do you do, Father?

FATHER MCG. Very well. I see you are bound for the United States. I thought it was only talk when I heard it, but now I see it is the truth. I hope God will prosper your journey.

JAMES. Thank you, Father. I am pleased that you called, as you saved me the walk over to the parochial residence, for I did not want to go away without your blessing.

FATHER MCG. That is right; and my dear child, let me advise you to desist from doing anything in regard to pursuing Turner and Irwin. It would be better for you to leave them to our Lord to bring to justice, and you would be setting a Christian example by your patience.

JAMES. (*In a decided manner*). Father McGee, I respect and venerate your reverence the same as all Irishmen do their clergymen. No matter how degraded an Irishman may be in the eyes of the world, they never lose their respect for the clergy. And please allow me, dear Father, to say that we are often told that God helps them that help themselves, and also I think the true Christian is the one that learns the golden rule and practices it. I will hunt those demons who are the cause of so much misery to my countrymen and myself until I bring them to justice. The true Irishman can not be white-washed, and upon my arrival in the United States, that land of freedom, I will petition the government to assist me in my search for the midnight assassins.

FATHER MCG. How absurd you talk, James! What claim have you upon the United States government?

JAMES. Father, what better claim can an Irishman have in asking a favor from the United States than I have? Am I not a descendant of the noble Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the immortal list, the Declaration of Independence, and whose name is revered all over the land of the free? And had I not two brothers whose blood watered the battle-field at Winchester, and do I not wear next my heart locks of their blood-stained hair cut from off their heads after their death by my cousin Father Riely and sent to my dear mother wrapped up in a small flag of the red, white and blue? I have placed a lock of my dear mother's and darling Mary and babe's along with my brothers', and shall always wear them next my heart.

FATHER MCG. I will say no more, or advise you, as I see your determination, and as I must be going, kneel down and receive my blessing. (*James kneels with veneration*).

FATHER MCG. May the blessing of God be with you. (*James rises and shakes hands with Father McGee, who says good bye, and requests to be remembered to Father Riely.*)

(ENTER *Scanlan and Quirk*). SCANLAN. Here is Maloney with the car; is your baggage ready?

AUNT KITTIE. Yes, boys, everything is ready.

JAMES. Aunt Kittie, bring along the decanter until we drink a parting glass. (*All drink to James' health, with many wishes for his safe return. Scanlan and Quirk carry out the trunk, and Maloney the bed.*)

AUNT K. (*Takes James by the hand and imprints a kiss on his cheek*). Good bye, Jimmie darling, and God protect you until you return again to me. Write as soon as you land, and give my love to Father John and try and persuade him to return with you. Do not forget your God and your country.

JAMES. Aunt Kittie, I shall never forget that motto. Good bye. (*To Scanlan and Quirk*). Good bye; I must now bid farewell to the dearest spot to me on earth. (*Entering the burying-ground, James gives way to his feelings*). Dear familiar resting place, which now contains the dust of my nearest and dearest kindred, and which I hope will be the resting place of this body when its spirit wings its flight to the happy realms above. (*Kneels at his father's grave*). I am kneeling at thy grave, dear father, where so often in childhood I have knelt and watched the sad tears drop from my dear mother's eyes upon it, though I did not realize the loss that I sustained. I hope I will never disgrace your name. Now, dear father, farewell until I visit your grave again. (*Kneels at his mother's grave.*) Dear and affectionate mother, it is well thou hast been spared the anguish you would experience were you to see your son buried in grief and sorrow, and about to leave the land of his birth not knowing whether he will ever return again or not. However, I trust that I may, and that my last resting-place will be here between your grave and dear Mary's. And dear mother, I will live in imagination that day by day your blessed spirit will be near me and assist me to overcome all obstacles that I may meet with in this life, and that I may be happy with you in the blessed hereafter. And dear mother, I cut a sod from your grave and one from my father's—from the very spot that you so often watered with your tears—that I may place them on the graves of Jo and Maurice. (*Here he takes a sod from each of the graves*).

SCANLAN. You do not expect they will take root there, do you?

JAMES. Certainly they will grow in a soil watered by the blood of so many martyrs. (*Kneels prostrate at the grave of Mary and the babe*). I am bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true. And I will not forget you, darling, in the land to which I am going. No, darling Mary, I shall never forget thee—your memory is engraven too deeply upon my heart to be erased; and, dear Mary, I will take a sod from thy grave and keep it green with my tears until I return again to this hallowed spot, when some day this weary heart will be laid at rest by your side, and then there will be no more parting or sorrow. (*Here he cuts a sod from Mary's grave, wraps it up and places it near his heart, then stoops and kisses the grave*). Farewell, dear Mary and babe. (*Here Scanlan and Quirk take hold of him and raise him to his feet*.)

SCANLAN. Come, James, I think you have remained here long enough. It is grievous to see your sorrow, and what must the burden be for you who have it to bear?

QUIRK. Yes, come; I'm afraid you'll not be able to stand the voyage.

JAMES. Oh, tear me not away from the dearest spot to me on this earth; and now let me once more kneel and imprint a kiss, dear Erin, upon thy sacred soil, as thousands of thy sons and daughters have done before me. (*Here he kneels and kisses the soil, and in a supplicating manner raises his eyes to heaven*). Heavenly Father, spare me my health and strength to return to these sacred shores again, and to live to see Emmet's tomb inscribed, the flag of liberty hoisted o'er my country and proud and haughty England bending the knee of supplication to poor Ireland. [*Curtain falls and suddenly rises, and James appears with the American colors and the green flag, and sings "The Irish Brigade" to the air of Red, White and Blue.*]

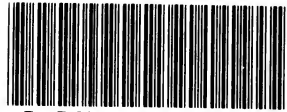
FINIS.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 565 A